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For Dwight's Journal of Music,

The Greek Writers on Music.

Looking through the file of a German Musical paper for 1873, I was more pained than surprised, to find in the first number, this notice :

"Deceased : on the 7th December 1872 at Catania, in Sicily, Dr. Paul Marquard (born 1830 at Dresden) known through his learned labors towards a complete edition of the Greek musical writers and by his edition of Aristoxenus. Long continued and repeated periods of ill health, alas, have interrupted his labors."

In the Autumn of 1860, I usually supped at "mine inn" in Bonn, with a small company of young men connected with the University or the gymnasium,—Reifferscheid, now professor in the University at Breslau; Deiters, then teacher in the gymnasium in Bonn, afterwards director of that at Düren in Rhenish Prussia; some others whose names I no longer recall, and Marquard, then holding a small position in the University Library and completing his course of philological study with the famous Ritschl. Deiters and Marquard were of that class of rising young German scholars, who, following the example of Otto Jahn, add to a profound study of philology a wide knowledge of the theory, practise and history of music. Marquard had even then begun to make a speciality of the history, and as my studies years before had made me familiar with the quartos of Hawkins and Burney, which as yet he had not seen, I was able to impart a good deal of information, just then of importance to him. Long were our discussions—in our walks on the banks of the Rhine, upon their deficiencies, their comparative merits and demerits. It was particularly interesting to him to learn that their works were rather "collectanea" for history, than histories;—that so far as they had used the materials afforded by the ancients, they had used them from incorrect, uncritical editions, evidently without any thorough understanding of their contents, any clear perception that different schools and eras are presented, and without considering that controversial writings about theories of music throw as little light upon music itself, as the polemics of the Newton and Young schools in Optics afford us upon the works of the great painters. Since they wrote, a Science of Acoustics has grown up affording a means of testing, in some degree, theoretic views of the character of ancient music. Since they wrote too, philology and the critical study of ancient literature have made such progress as to give the scholar of our day advantages in the investigation of ancient Greek music, of which neither they nor the German, Forkel, a century since, ever dreamed.

Marquard's fine, fresh, acute and vigorous young mind had already attained to a suf-

ficiently lucid view of the proper direction and limits of inquiry in this field of research; and I am of opinion, as I recall our long and frequent conversations, that he had already formed a pretty definite plan of study and investigation with a view to a future history of ancient music. His profession was to be that of a teacher; perhaps in time his ambition might be gratified by a call to a professorship in some University—but at all events, in his straitened circumstances, a laborious life was before him, and his musical studies could be but the pursuits of his leisure hours. Here was then a plan laid out for a labor, which must run through the next fifteen, twenty, twenty-five years—who could tell how long, and which if accomplished would be but preparatory in its nature. I doubt if he had any really strong hope of ever accomplishing this, and am sure, that not many years passed by before he was convinced of its impracticability by any one, who has not a fortune and all his time at disposal. Still he generously determined to do what he could, to lead the way, to aid in laying the foundation for a superstructure—the work of others,—and began his work in his inaugural dissertation on graduating from the University, which was "De Aristoxeni Tarentini Elementariorum harmonicis." This was little more than a discussion of the character of the fragments of Aristoxenus; but it made its author known and prepared the way for his valuable labors on that writer, at a later date, to which we shall soon come.

On leaving Bonn he accepted a place as private tutor in Holland, which gave him the desired opportunity for study of the old books and manuscripts in the noble Dutch libraries,—especially that at Leyden. Noble first-fruits of his studies appeared in his profound and scathing review (in the *Deutsche Musik Zeitung*, Nos. 30—32, 1862) of that superficial compilation, the first volume of Ambros's "Geschichte der Musik."

For some years I lost sight of Marquard, knowing only at that one time he entertained the project of establishing a private school at Stuttgart, until he accepted a call to a position in the Werder'sche gymnasium at Berlin. He was now established permanently in the city which offered him better advantages than any other for the prosecution of his musical studies, besides bringing him into the very centre of the circle which embraced the profoundest students of his favorite studies. How generously he was aided by them will soon appear. At length, published by Weidmann of Berlin in 1868, came from the press a publication which amply justified the strongest hopes of Marquard's friends—his edition of the Harmonic Fragments of Aristoxenus, dedicated to Professor Ritschl of Bonn.

The Greek of Aristoxenus with marginal notes, and the German translation stand on

opposite pages, and the latter is so clear and felicitous in the choice of words and phrases, that the German reads like an original work. Of this he says in his preface: "The German translation is added, and in fact this edition is prepared in German (instead of Latin); that those musicians, whose taste leads them to scientific study of the history of music, but who are unable to understand the sources in the original language, may also in time be able to use them." In the commentaries also all passages from other Greek and Latin authors have translations annexed.

Following the text with its translation is a critical commentary upon the words and phrases of the text, with various readings of manuscripts, &c., for philologists; then an exegetical commentary for scientific musicians, which seems to me a masterpiece; after this follows a series of 18 "Excuse," or short essays upon divers doubtful points; and finally a Greek verbal index. As an appendix the Rhythmic Fragments of Aristoxenus are simply printed in the Greek as edited by Westphal, and this for the purpose of exhibiting to the classical student, the variations discovered by Studemund in the Codices Vaticanus and Urbinas and by Marquard himself in the codex Marcianus.

The volume begins with XXXV pages of preface and prolegomena—the latter a description of existing manuscripts, an account of their variations and the like; from the former, I draw some particulars as to the history of this edition, of a Greek writer unedited, uncriticized, untouched by philologist since Marcus Meibom published his Latin translation in 1652.

After speaking of the extraordinary difficulties of the undertaking Marquard candidly makes this confession:

"That I have been able at all to undertake and complete this labor, I am indebted first and mainly to Professor Dr. Studemund of Würzburg, who had himself formed the design of an Edition of the Greek Writers on music, but who on learning that I had already long employed myself in the labors preparatory to such a work, not only most kindly abandoned the project, but, through the collation of new and important manuscripts, aided me with materials indispensable to such an edition. So much the greater thanks I owe him, as his collations have been made with a scrupulous exactness, which could not be greater, and such as could only be hoped for from a man possessed in an extraordinary degree of talents, diligence and capacity for long continued labor. Studemund did not, however, confine his assistance within those limits. The first half of the text we wrought out together, and each of us contributed what he had prepared—the whole was again thoroughly examined, and naturally the result was many a modification, &c., &c."

The oldest Manuscript of Aristoxenus is that in the Library of St. Mark at Venice, of which Abbé Valentinielli, the Librarian, had furnished Marquard with a collation. It soon appeared however, that the manuscript itself must be examined by the young editor. He petitioned the proper department of the Prussian administration for its aid and countenance, with the result, that, in regular diplomatic course, the consent of the Italian government was obtained that he should have the precious volume entrusted to him for several months in Berlin. The MSS. at Leyden he had previously collated. Those in England—the ancient ones—he knew through Meibom. Dr. Bellermann of Berlin contributed his notes of a collation of those in Leipzig, and Studemund of those at Rome. Of these, the one in the Barberini Library was not known to exist, until discovered there by Studemund himself. Marquard justly remarks that it would be impossible to convey to the common reader any adequate idea of the difficulty and toil involved in editing an ancient author, untouched by philologist or critic for two hundred years; I add, equally vain is it to attempt to convey to one, who only knows English, any conception of the drudgery involved in the collation of old Greek manuscripts. In English variations in spelling rarely make any change in the sense—I believe only when they lead to the adoption of a wrong word; but in Greek modes and tenses, cases, numbers and genders are determined by single letters and syllables.—If scholars despair of ever giving us a correct edition of Shakespeare from printed copies of his works, what must be the labor of getting at the true text of an author in Greek only known through transcriptions made many centuries after his death? What the patience and toil involved in merely comparing two ancient MSS. syllable by syllable, letter by letter?

Note this: Not one of these gentlemen could hope for any pecuniary return for all this toil—certainly, none that could be considered as a reward; they wrought simply for the cause of learning and threw the proceeds of their labor into the common stock.

The masterly edition of Aristoxenus' Harmonic Fragments thus produced, proved, that men competent and willing stood ready to undertake a complete Edition of the Greek writers on music, and that Marquard was the man to assume the responsibility of acting as principal Editor. As no adequate compensation for time and labor would be demanded or expected by these scholars, it was simply a question, whether the public would take so much interest in such an enterprise, as to cover the expenses of publishing. Although this remains still very doubtful, a publisher was found and it was determined to undertake the work.

Marquard's health soon after failed, and he was forced to leave the harsh climate of Berlin to try the effect of the genial atmosphere of Southern France. I am under the impression, that he spent the winter 1869-70 at Mentone; at all events, he surprised and delighted me by a visit, August 3, 1870. He came over in the boat from Venice, where he had been for some time diligently at work collating manuscripts

for the proposed work. If my memory serves, not only had he had leave of absence from the Gymnasium without loss of salary, but the Prussian Government had made an appropriation of money, to enable him to visit Venice and perhaps other places to this end. I was shocked at the change which disease had caused in his appearance; but he, as is so often the case with consumptive patients, was in good spirits and seemed to think that the worst was over, and that he should yet be able to do something worthy of remembrance in the cause of musical history.

Instead of attempting to give from memory a report of his account of his plans, I pass to a letter from him dated at Mentone, 14th February 1872, and translate the material portions.

After certain matters only interesting to the correspondents themselves, Marquard proceeds.

"Will there at last some one appear, who will present the development of our modern music in its grand connection with the general progress of German culture? I despair of ever finding time myself for such a work; I might, it is true, produce sketches towards it, but this I will not do; now-a-days the public is so very much disposed to accept the merest sketch for a thoroughly satisfactory picture and to imagine that in a few hints they have a matter complete to hide and hair, that one must take care how he abets such shallowness. I have indeed the idea of some time or other writing upon modern music as hinted above, but shall only do it, when I may find myself duly prepared to go to the root of the matter and produce something complete and well digested.

"That you desire to make your countrymen acquainted with our undertaking in relation to the Greek Musicians, I find very friendly in you and gladly impart all needed information.

"The purpose is to publish a complete edition of writings on Music extant in the Greek tongue. This edition will be on a new critical basis, derived from the collections made by Prof. Dr. Wilhelm Studemund (just now called to Strassburg) during his residence of several years in Italy. Studemund is, beyond a doubt, the most distinguished of all the younger philologists; his recently published edition of Gains* is completely exhaustive; his transcription—one must really so call it—of the celebrated palimpsest of Plautus in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, on which he is now at work, would alone be sufficient to secure to him forever the warmest thanks of the learned world. Just now he is too much occupied to lend his hand to our work; but he has reserved the right to share in our labors—which is naturally most gladly accorded him. As to the rest, I am the responsible editor, and the contract with the publisher runs in my name alone. This publisher is Teubner of Leipzig, with whom the contract was closed in the summer of 1870.

"I could so much the less assume the entire labor, as I wished to avoid any appearance of monopolizing the subject, and was not disposed to leave unused such materials for the preliminary work as had already been imparted to me by my colleagues. So, Dr. Deiters and Dr. von Jan of Landsberg share with me in the labor.

"The authors will be published so far as is possible in chronological order, several of them in a volume, but still in such a manner that any one can be had separately. The Greek text will be accompanied by a German translation, in order to render the works accessible to musicians not classically educated;

*See New Am. Cyclopedia. Article "Gaius."

cated; a critical apparatus and a glossary of the technical terms will be added, and at the close, from these glossaries a 'lexicon terminorum' will be prepared. Joh. Ptolemaeus will also receive a critical and exegetical commentary.

"The collection will consist of:

1. Aristoxenus;
2. The *Sectio canonis* of Euclid;
3. Plutarch *de Musica*;
4. Theon of Smyrna;
5. Ptolemy's Harmonics;
6. Aristides Quintilianus *de musica*;
7. The "Introductio" of the Pseudo-Euclid;
8. The *Euchiridion* of Nicomachus;
9. Gaudentius, *Harmonica Introductio*;
10. Alypius;
11. Bacchius Senior;
12. The anonymous writers edited by Bellermann with other musical fragments;
13. Porphyry's commentary on the Harmonics of Ptolemy;
14. The Harmonics of Bryennius.

Of these works, Deiters is to edit the Aristides Quintilianus, which it is hoped will be ready for the press in course of this year. Von Jan undertakes the minor writers, the *Sectio canonis* of Euclid, the Introduction and the next following; I am myself employed upon Theon of Smyrna, shall take up Ptolemy, Porphyry, Nicomachus and whatever remains over—not finding an editor. Also Aristoxenus for the sake of completeness will be taken up again notwithstanding my edition published by Weidmann in 1868. The edition will appear in large octavo form in the beautiful style that distinguishes Teubner."

So wrote Marquard in February—in December he died!

In reply to a note requesting information as to the prospects of the new edition, Mr. Teubner wrote :

(Translated).

Leipzig, Sept. 5, 1873.

Sir: To your inquiry of the 2nd inst, I have the honor to reply, that Mr. P. Marquard's projected undertaking of an edition of the Greek Musical Writers has, through his death, been made very uncertain. It is possible that Professor Studemund may carry out the plan, but I am at present quite unable to give any positive information on the matter.

Very respectfully, your obedient

B. G. TEUBNER.

To pay a deserved but inadequate tribute to the memory of a most brilliant young scholar—to bring a subject, to me of uncommon interest, before our own musical and learned public—and in consideration of the possibility that some encouragement may possibly be afforded from our side of the ocean to the projected edition of the Greek Writers, I have written these pages.

Trieste, April, 1874.

A. W. T.

Bach's Passion Music in Paris.

I have just been enjoying a new experience—a grand performance of German protestant music by a French choir in Paris.

A series of concerts had been organized in the Cirque d'Eté, Champs Elysées, for Passion-week, modelled somewhat on the plan of those we had had in the Albert Hall, only on each night the programme appears to have been the same—a large selection from Bach's "Matthew Passion," with fragments from the "Messiah."

My friend and I were fortunate enough to catch sight of the bill announcing the second concert, which was to take place the evening we arrived in Paris. We at once decided to go, if only to hear how a French choir could deal with works so different to the usual style of French compositions. Arriving at the concert-room before the doors were open, we found a goodly company awaiting, and made our first experience of being *en queue*—watched over by a detachment of soldiers, who were, I suppose, answerable for "order." We were quite peaceable. There were soldiers inside, too,

and two splendid Pompiers (firemen) in gorgeous helmets, to protect us from fire. The building is a large amphitheatre, holding, I should suppose, 3000 persons, beside choir and band. It was full in every part where there was a chance of seeing or hearing tolerably.

Programmes containing a list of pieces to be sung were distributed gratuitously, and a little pamphlet was sold containing an account of Bach; a short history of passion music in general; and a critical notice of what we were to hear—all very well written and instructive; of course, all in French.

The orchestra filled, and I waited for the opening notes of that most trying chorus, "Cœre, ye daughters" ("Venez mes filles"). Just twenty years before I had heard it on the memorable occasion when Sir Sterndale Bennett conducted at the first performance in England. I could not suppose I should hear it so well done now, but, to my surprise, the voices entered brightly, getting firmer and firmer as the volume of sound increased; well in tune, accent unmistakable; the dialogue between the chorus—"Behold him"—"Whom?"—"The Bridegroom"—"See him"—"How?"—"As like a lamb"—clear and emphatic; and then at last the chorale for a third choir (boys' voices) flew out over all the involved and intricate phrasing of the other parts, appealing to the "Lamb of God unsullied." I had heard the *notes* at our performances, because Mr. Barnby doubles the voices with brass, but I never before heard the voices distinctly. The effect was noble. I now began to hope for something exceptionally good in what was to come. I was not disappointed. Number after number was given with the most scrupulous care, and with fidelity such as I had never known before. The band waited on the solo voices, fitting in the *obligato* accompaniments with such precision that I at last heard these complex pieces very much as they were intended to be heard—that is, with voice and instrument *quite together*, not alternately a little before or a little after each other, as we in England mostly heard them. "Grief for sin," with its two flutes; "Jesus Saviour," with its two oboes *d'amore* (replaced, I suppose, by some other instruments, but I could not see by what); the duet, "Lo is my Saviour," with oboes and strings; the great tenor air, "With Jesus I will watch," with oboe and choir—all these with their distinct *melodies* in the instrumental parts, besides those for the voice, and all so wondrously woven together, were most admirably performed. What a satisfaction it was to hear, at last, what I had so often *read*. But the sensation of the evening was that stupendous double chorus, "Have lightnings and thunders," where Bach is Handel and Beethoven combined ("The force of Nature could no farther go.") It was taken very fast, but there was no sense of hurry. Each entry of the voices was prompt and clear; they pursued one another with constantly increasing eagerness. Choir answered choir with quick, fierce echo, rising above the constant thunder of the bass instruments. Then came that awful burst of the voices, reinforced by wind and organ, when terrific doom is invoked on the "treacherous betrayer, the murderous throng." All this was brought out with such power that the audience was overwhelmed. They demanded the chorus again; it was repeated. They asked for it a third time, but this could not be and we passed on to themes less exciting, and perhaps more truly edifying, to those who really entered into the spirit of the subject—and these, I think, were not a few in that remarkable audience. The chorals were sung mostly with instrumental accompaniment, and with great precision. There was the same sort of expression that Mr. Barnby gives, but which Leannot quite like. It seems to me rather to take from the dignity of the tunes, though I am likely enough wrong in my taste. The soloists, of whom there were about a dozen, all did well except one; they seemed to enter into the subject and its musical expression. The audience were impressed and delighted, sitting right to the end, and rewarded for so doing by an exquisite performance of the chorus "In tears of grief," which so sweetly and yet so loftily closes this unapproachable work. The peculiarities of accent which Mr. Macfarren describes in his review of the oratorio were faultlessly given, and the lovely phrases, recurring again and again, were sung in perfect tune, with surprising life, and yet free from any approach to the boisterous or uncouth.

The singing of the pieces from the *Messiah* was equally good. "Unto us" was encored. Very prettily the French words, "Ah! parmi nous l'enfant est né," came in. The runs were beautifully clear, though the pace was very much quicker

than is usual with us. The lady who sang, "Rejoice greatly," gave it with a serious gaiety which was charming, and when the concert had closed with the "Hallelujah," I could not help echoing the wish of my friend that we might some day have M. Charles Lamoreaux and his performers in London, to give us their readings of great oratorios.

The pains this gentleman must have taken in preparing these performances is beyond praise. The quality of the bass voices in the chorus was very fine. I do not think the female voices were so full and rich as those of our best choirs, but the style of singing was very good. I did not hear the performance of the *Passion* given by the Sacred Harmonic Society last season, but my friend, who did hear it, thought that the superior weight of that chorus gave it an advantage, the French choir, however, being distinctly superior in clearness and phrasing. The selection from the *Passion* occupied about two hours, and was very judiciously made. I saw in the music shop windows two different adaptations of the *Passion*-music to French words.

Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter.

Wagner on Beethoven's Instrumentation.

(From the Crystal Palace Programme.)

The *Monthly Musical Record*, of the 1st of April, contains an article under the above heading, signed "C. A. B.", which starts with the following remark:—

"In speaking of a recent performance at the Crystal Palace of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, we expressed surprise that Mr. Manns or any other conductor should at tempt a performance of this tremendous work without the adoption of Wagner's suggestions for the modification of the instrumentation of certain passages which have always failed to realize the composer's manifested intentions." The writer goes on to say that he is fully convinced that the time is not very far distant when the adoption of Wagner's suggestions will be regarded as much a *sine qua non* for a due presentation of the Choral Symphony as Mozart's additional accompaniments to the *Messiah* are now."

After this he gives a pretty fair exposition of Wagner's views and suggestions about the desirable alterations for the Ninth Symphony, which I will enumerate here, for the sake of brevity, as follows:—

1. Modifications of *nunances* in order to secure a distinct production of the melodic element.
2. Recommendations for adding Horns and chromatic Trumpets to the well known melody in the Scherzo, for which Beethoven has employed wood instruments only. (Breitkopf's Full Score, page 77.)
3. Recommendations for letting the Violins and Flute play in several bars an octave higher than written in the grand part of the Scherzo. (Breitkopf's Full Score, page 91.)
4. Suggestions for altering the melodic phrases in the wood instruments in those well known eight bars of the first movement at pages 19 and 53 of Breitkopf's Full Score.
5. Recommendations for altering the Tenor part in the Vocal Quartet in B natural, page 265 Full Score.

The article finishes as follows:—

"It remains, therefore, for conductors to decide whether it is better to continue the practice of presenting Beethoven's works exactly as they stand, or to adopt such emendations as Wagner has proposed. To us the choice seems to be between an obstinate adherence to 'the letter which killeth' or a judicious adoption of 'the spirit which giveth life.'"

Now in replying on the present occasion to "C. A. B.," I would first call his attention to the absence of all parallel between the case of Mozart's additions to Handel, and Wagner's emendations of Beethoven, inasmuch as the scores of Handel were left in a deplorably incomplete state as regards the modern orchestra, whereas those of Beethoven are in every way complete productions. In the second place I beg to assure him that I belong to those who are always willing to learn, and that I therefore procured a copy of Wagner's pamphlet as soon as I knew of its existence; and next I will state why I have not followed the suggestions it contains.

1. The modifications of *nunances* needed no special pointing out, for every conductor who possesses the necessary talent and culture for his post knows but too well that a goodly number of scores by the older masters require these modifications, in consequence of the larger number of strings we are compelled to employ in our larger concert-rooms.
2. The suggestion for reinforcing Beethoven's melodies for wood instruments, by horns and piston-trumpets, I repudiate *in toto*, because the classic coloring of the author's original would be vulgarized, if not wholly destroyed.
3. The suggestion for letting the first violin and flute play portions of their parts an octave higher, I hesitate to adopt, because I do not wish to bring that impure intonation into Beethoven's Symphony, which, in consequence of an undue demand on the capabilities of the executants made by many composers of our day, is such an unpleasant feature whenever their works are produced.

4. The suggested alterations of the eight bars for wind instruments in the first movement are quite unwarrantable, and Wagner's analysis is entirely wrong. The principal characteristic of this agitated tone group of eight bars is *close imitation*, both tonically and metrically, of the first four notes of the subject; Wagner's extraordinary alterations, which require actual omissions of parts in order to fit his views, destroy that characteristic tonally, almost entirely.

5. The recommendation to alter the tenor part in the Quartet in B major must have sprung from Wagner's presence at some German festival long ago, at which the solos were sung by amateurs. The part in question is no doubt troublous, but has been sung in England over and over again most satisfactorily.

"C. A. B." must therefore, I fear, continue to express his surprise. At any rate, he must forego the pleasure of hearing Wagner's Beethoven at the Crystal Palace as long as the direction of the musical department is confined to myself; and I trust that all who may follow me may at least agree with me in this, that Beethoven's works require no such alterations as are suggested by Herr Wagner, considered as they are by all, except a small minority, as the most perfect monuments of musical art in existence.

A. MANNS.

[*Bravissimo, ma ancora bravissimo*, Auguste Manns! May your shadow never be less, and may you never pay heed to the Philistines! The impudent vainglorious audacity of Wagner in suggesting alterations of Beethoven's greatest Symphony would surpass all comprehension, if the character of the man who is "to do us all brown" were not pretty well known. We should like to know what Beethoven would have said to Wagner's score of *Tristan und Isolde*, &c.—A. S. S.]

(London Musical World.)

Re-Scoring Beethoven.

(From the London Orchestra.)

The old question of modern coloring in the orchestra *versus* classical coloring has come up again in full force, and this time no less a personage than Richard Wagner stands foremost in the fray. The discussion has been incited, most likely, in prospect of coming events at Bayreuth. The huge temple of Apollo now building there cannot profitably be devoted only to the production of the Wagner operas, and if the grand symphony be too small for the grand hall or house, as the house cannot be made smaller, the symphony must be made larger. Hitherto, houses, audiences, and musical compositions are presumed to have their limits, but we live in times of sudden revolutions in the musical world, and no one can predict what change may next take place. The suggestions offered by Wagner are modest and moderate. He recommends more distinct pronunciation of the melodic portions of the Beethoven symphony, and takes the Joy Symphony, No. 9, as an example. He proposes the addition of horns and trumpets in the scherzo, and also violins and flutes in octaves; a re-scoring of certain passages in the first movement, and modifications in the tenor part in the vocal quartet in B flat. Of the choral movements Wagner is silent.

Beethoven's greatest symphony has never been generally popular in England. The deed is not equal to the design of the composer, and the art does not conceal the effort. With regard to the choral part, an unfavorable judgment was passed at the very first performance, and time has not reversed it. The composer's thoughts are revealed through no ordinary artistic formula, and the human voice will not change in order to accommodate the mistake of Beethoven, great man as he was. The vocal portion of the symphony is really a mere question of possibilities, and the verdict of the singer is unvaried—"non possumus." With our present pitch, the choruses afford little or no gratification, and are a grievous strain on the vocalists. Classic coloring has nothing whatever to do with voices pitchforked out of their compass. If some two or three hundred voices can be found with voices of a peculiar register competent to sing these choruses with facility and in tune, and to the pleasure of the audience, nothing more need be said or done; but as the symphony is fifty years old, and this phenomenon has not yet risen up, there is no hope for a better issue so long as the practice of performing these choruses in their Beethovenish condition remains in vogue. The demand for a change may be deemed unwarrantable and extraordinary, but the vocal score is unwarrantable and extraordinary; and is the symphony to be lost or shelved, because alterations may be considered unjustifiable? It has been urged that Beethoven has only done what Palestrina had done before him, and that without even the aid of an

orchestra. True it is that in the *Jubilate de Palestina*, and some other services of this grand old chieftain in choir music, he has put a severe strain upon his high sopranos; but it must be borne in mind he had a peculiar choir, not now to be paralleled; and further, Beethoven has gone beyond his model and, without Herod's resources, out-heroded Herod. Besides, in all that Palestina did there was great breadth and wide rhythms, whereas the song-theme of the Beethoven chorus is a simple *Lied*, small, very small, and was doubtless adopted by the composer to show what charming orchestral accompaniments could be founded upon it, and in total oblivion that it was intended to be the song of myriads. When millions are invited to the musical feast the tables must be laid out in a different way than for a party of eight. Beethoven had made an early note that the choral movements were to be "well-fugued." The well-fuguing—counter-pointing—in the orchestra was fatal to the chourusing of millions. Another singular point should not be overlooked. Beethoven has recorded of himself that his melodies always came to him, not through the human voice, but through some instrument. Heretofore, the orchestra was the gainer and the voice the loser. Thus there is small difference between the opening phrases in common time in the scherzo, and the open phrases for the chorus. The similarity in form and figure is remarkable, and this announcement in the scherzo of the coming vocal portion demonstrates the unity of the symphony, and that the entire composition grew out of a deep study of the Schiller poetry.

When Mozart put an additional score to the Handelian *Messiah*, fifty years had passed from the time of its composition. Although fifty years have passed since the making of the Beethoven symphony, Wagner does not propose to imitate the doings of Mozart. Mozart added thought and idea to a score half a century old; and in the arias "The people that walked in darkness," and "O thou that tellst," Mozart's study is a famous evolution from Handelian axioms; the processes are not to be denied, and the result is irresistible demonstration. He was somewhat justified in his operations, for he could have replied, if interrupted—"I am only doing what Handel did." Compare the Kiel canzonet with the chorus "Egypt was glad," and the Stradella chorus with that of "He spake the word." Handel did not alter either Kiel or Stradella; but who desires either the one or the other, after Handel had put his mark upon their manufacture? Wagner may say "There is no field for comparison, for who can argue on a mere question of imagination?" Beethoven attempted to idealize the joys of brotherhood of millions; I attempt not to touch the imaginative part of his work, but simply attempt to make his ideal the more intelligible. If the ideal be perfectly clear and the thoughts in their best shape, the labor is one of supererogation. But this is not so, and Wagner has a case at least, for the passages he points out for emendation are not the most desirable, and an orchestra writer might suggest a more preferable form. No question but Louis Spohr, a great colorist, would have much improved the score of Mozart's *Requiem*; and Hector Berlioz could have marvellously intensified the Handelian *Te Deum*. In both these grand compositions the intentions of their composers are not up to the mark of the present time.

It is well known what Richard Wagner can do with regard to melodic prominence in his scores; and to affirm that a man who has been deaf for twenty years, or thereabouts, could arrange his ideas in the most satisfactory state and in the best way would be absurd. That Beethoven could hear with his mind's eye no one would dispute; and that, at times, his orchestral score is delicious and beautiful exceedingly is admitted with one spontaneous and joyful assent. Wagner admits this fully, when suggesting but few passages for alteration. But in explaining his motives and processes he has made a great mistake, and broken a generally received artistic rule. "Never give reasons: do the thing and don't talk about it." Handel never defended his scores when it was hinted that he knew nothing of counterpoint, over-weighted his accompaniments, and could not write for voices. Beethoven never sought to uphold a contested chord. Mozart said there were just as many notes as were necessary in his score, and no more. Haydn only laughed when told his passages were heathenishly hard to play. There is no one to forbid Wagner in his efforts to reset a jewel by Beethoven half a century old. If he should fail, the world will go on with Beethoven and the antique setting; should he succeed the world will

not be squeamish about the mere fact of departure from the original score. With regard to the choral portions of the No. 9, the world's verdict is against Beethoven, and the world will be thankful to any competent artist for setting him right.

What They Say of the Passion Music.

(From the New York Tribune.)

The great work of the day, and indeed of the whole festival, was Sebastian Bach's great St. Matthew Passion music. The Handel and Haydn Society deserves the highest praise for being the first to bring this monumental composition to a worthy performance. It is indeed no light thing for a society like this to give all the time and labor necessary to bring out a large work in so wholly unaccustomed a style as the Passion music, and of such immense technical difficulty, when there was little hope of the work's finding general favor in the eyes of the public. But the hard work was conscientiously done, and the reward as great as possible. The public were enthusiastic beyond all hope or expectation. The St. Matthew Passion music, like most of Bach's works, was very little known even in Germany until the untiring efforts of Felix Mendelssohn and some others turned the public mind in that direction. The annual performances at the St. Thomas Church in Leipzig was looked upon rather as a religious ceremony than a musical entertainment. The so-called "severe" style of the work and its immense technical difficulties frightened away most choral societies, even if they took the pains to try it through, which was rare enough. Even after Mendelssohn had succeeded in bringing the work into public notice, the performances must have left much to be desired. Like other orchestral and choral works of the older masters, the score of the Passion music was left in a very imperfect state by its composer. Bach was not to be sure, so recklessly careless in writing down his orchestral music as Handel was. But in many places, especially in the airs, the Passion was very scantly scored. This was all the more to be lamented, that Bach's exceedingly florid and elaborate style made any filling out of the accompaniments a matter of far greater difficulty than in Handel's case, difficult as that is. For a long while no one was found to do for the Passion what Mozart did for Handel's *Messiah*, namely, to rescire it. At last Robert Franz put his shoulder to the wheel, and filled out the orchestral part in so superb a manner as to completely throw into the shade everything of the sort that had been done before him. The rescoring of the *Messiah* did not upon the whole reflect great credit upon Mozart, who probably did it in a great hurry; for parts of it are very poorly done. But Franz's score of the Passion is in every way so perfect, so completely in accordance with Bach's style, that one can easily imagine Bach's having done it himself. Franz has similarly filled out the scores of some other works of Bach's and a few of the smaller works of Handel. It is to be regretted that the petty, jealous squabbles of the Handel Society should prevent his taking some of Handel's larger works in hand, such as the *Messiah*, *Israel*, and *Judas Maccabeus*. The Boston Handel and Haydn Society has been one of the first to use Franz's score of the Passion. At the last festival, in 1871, it gave a not very fine performance of a few of the airs, choruses, and chorals, but the selections did not give any adequate idea of what the work really was. This year the society has taken much bolder step, and has done its work far better. The selections given by it do not by any means comprise all the finest music in the work, but they at least present the story of the Passion in its entirety. Beginning with the grand opening chorus (which was given up after repeated trials at the last festival, as too difficult), the selections included the episode at the house of Simon the Leper, the Last Supper, and the Betrayal, the first part ending with the duet and double chorus "Alas! my Jesu now is taken," with its superb burst on "Ye lightnings, ye thunders, in clouds are ye vanished?"

The remaining numbers of the first part, including the exquisite figured choral, and the first 12 numbers of the second part were omitted. The second part began with the alto air, with violin obligato, "Oh! pardon me, my God," and included the scene of Judas returning the pieces of silver, the rending of the veil in the temple, and the two last choruses. The scene before Pontius Pilate, with its clamorous *turbæ*, or people's choruses, and the famous cry of "Barabbas," and the scene of the Crucifixion, were omitted. As for the performance,

we can only say that it surpassed everybody's most sanguine hopes. There were many places in the airs that left much to be desired, but this was unavoidable. It will take ten years before our singers have got sufficiently into the spirit of this music to sing it with that freedom which is really indispensable to a really fine rendering. Mr. Rudolphsen and Miss Wynne bore off the honors of the evening. Too much praise cannot be given to either of these artists. Mr. William Winch sang the extremely difficult and taxing part of the Evangelist, and the beautiful tenor air with oboe obligato and chorus, "I'll watch with my dear Jesus alway," in manner that deserves great commendation and with the most self-forgetting devotion to the music. Mr. Eller's playing of the oboe obligato in this air was exceedingly artistic and fine. The other soloists of the evening, Miss Adelaide Phillips and Mr. Myron W. Whitney, received marked signs of commendation from the audience, but seemed hardly at home in their parts. The choral part of the work, barring a little hesitation in some parts of the opening chorus, was really superbly done. The soprano ripieno, with its chorus, "O Lamb of God," that keeps recurring during this chorus, was sung with great precision and force by a choir of boys, placed in the left gallery above the chorus. The thunder and lightning chorus was rapturously encored. The impression the work made upon the audience was of the deepest, and all true music lovers may now feel assured that the great Passion-music has taken firm foothold upon our soil. We for one hopefully look forward to a not very distant time when this colossal work, with Handel's "Israel," will have become as familiar as the "Messiah" or the "Creation."

(From the Commonwealth, May 16.)

A new and strange guest has appeared among us in Boston. A friend whose face, less attractive for brilliancy of coloring than for regularity of features, had never been seen here before, now stands regularly inscribed upon our musical list. The Passion Music of Bach, whose performance here, long ardently wished for, had become almost a mythical object of aspiration, has been finally given in Boston. It was indeed a momentous evening to all permeated with a true reverence for art, that on which the world-renowned creation was to be heard here for the first time. The audience sought their seats in a half-breathless and subdued condition; losing the sense of their own importance in the anticipation of what was before them. They seemed prepared for an occasion of mingled pleasure and solemnity; nor were their anticipations disappointed.

As a fitting prelude to the work to which the evening was to be devoted, Miss Edith Wynne, assisted by the chorus, gave Mendelssohn's beautiful motette, "Here my Prayer." The effect of this composition, as presented by Miss Wynne, was one of unsurpassed loveliness, the frequently recurring "Oh, for the wings a Dove!" being rendered with a gentle and flowing tone which might almost be termed celestial. The great masterpiece known as the Passion-Music was then performed, and was listened to with a mingling of awe and curiosity by those who had heard of it so long that they were surprised to find themselves at last really hearing it.

The composition is one of such great length that its performance entire would require the space of four hours. We hope that this pleasure is yet in store for those who will treasure up the fragmentary enjoyment of the 8th inst., with a faithfulness worthy of fuller recompense. It has been suggested that the piece should be given on Good Fridays, as the "Messiah" is performed at Christmas, and should be divided into a morning and afternoon performance, citizens going home to their dinner between the two. Arrangements such as this would rank Boston in a line with the more artistic of the German cities, where the time required for the performance of a great work of art is not begrimed by daylight, an example which we could certainly afford to follow once in the year.

It was, perhaps, a little unfortunate that since only a portion of the Passion Music could be given on the evening of the 8th inst., and since the festival programme was too full otherwise to admit of the surrender of two evenings for the sake of its entire performance, the selection of the parts which were to be sung should not have embraced some of those wilder and fiercer choruses which represent the anger and popular excitement of the Jews, as these would have varied in an agreeable manner the rather even tenor of the music chosen, the character of which was nearly all devotional. The Thunder and Lightning chorus awakened such enthusiasm among the audience as would lead to the supposition that they would have taken a few more pieces of the same order

hearts!

hearts!

ff

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ev - er blessed law! Sov' - reign jus - tice,

ff

CHORUS.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ev - er blessed law! Sov' - reign jus - tice,

ff

sf

goodness past express - ing!

goodness past express - ing! Grate - ful to God, in return for this

Grate - ful to God, in return for this bless - ing, O
 bless - ing,
 O let us

let us render love, with our faith and awe; love....
 with faith..... and awe; O let us ren - -
 O let us render love, with our awe; O let us ren - der
 ren - der Him love, with our faith and our awe; O let us

..... with our faith and awe; ren - der love,
 der love, with our awe;
 love, with our faith and our awe ; ren - der love,
 ren - der love, with our awe;

cresc.

ren - der love, ren - der love, with
 cresc.
 ren - der love, ren - der love, with
 cresc.
 ren - der love, ren - der love, with
 cresc.
 faith.... and.... awe; let us ren - - der Him
 faith.... and.... awe; let us ren - - der Him
 love,..... with our faith.....
 ren - der love,
 love,..... ren - der love, with our faith.....
 cresc.

and awe, let us ren - der Him love, with our faith and
 and awe, let us ren - der Him love, with our faith and
 awe, ren - der Him love, with our faith and awe,...
 awe, let us ren - der Him love, with our faith and awe,...

sf

Ped.

love, with faith and awe!.....

love, with faith and awe!.....

Ped.

*

very kindly. Still, the old *chorals* of Germany, which Bach very wisely introduced among his Passion Music, were finely given and well received, while the solo parts called forth the greatest delight and admiration. Many persons would perhaps have expected that a tenor voice would be used to represent the Saviour, and may have been surprised at his utterances being all given with a bass, just as the artists have often loved to represent Christ with fair hair and blue eyes, which they fancied as more typical of mildness than the darker hues by which the race whence he was born was usually characterized. We ourselves regard the tenor and soprano voices as more capable of expressing heavenly thought and aspiration than the bass and contralto, whatever we may think of the small influence of color and complexion over the "human face divine," over the soul and character that looked through it as through a window. The style also in which the music for the part of Jesus is written seems calculated to awaken surprise rather than love and sympathy at the first hearing. Fringed as it is with beautiful instrumentation, it seems composed on a different plan and basis from that of ordinary music, and the uninitiated hearer feels scarcely able to see the connection between the vocal part and its accompaniment. It is probable, however, that repeated hearing and study of this part would prove it to have been written with an especially deep and artistic feeling which, like the higher types of beauty in nature and in man, requires to be looked at several times ere it is fully understood. Mr. Whitney certainly deserves high praise for the ease and purity with which he executed the difficult task of rendering this music, while Mr. Winch, as tenor, acquitted himself in a manner which claimed the admiration of all present. The introduction of two basso soloists strikes us as a somewhat individual feature of the piece (?) although not to be called the reverse of attractive; but we shall always be thankful that it contains a soprano so long as the memory of Miss Edith Wynne endures in Boston.

We have spoken of the Passion Music, at the beginning of this article, as a "creation." Perhaps it would be more correctly styled, in common with all first-class productions in the realm of art, musical or other, an inspiration. In spite of the antique forms in which his genius clothed itself, Bach stands in the music of Germany like Shakespeare in the literature of England, at the head of those whom unaided originality has marked out as pioneers of a new and untrodden road: and his compositions, like Shakespeare's plays, stand out forever, like rugged monuments of Titanic power. The term "originality" is indeed a somewhat elastic one, since the development of the human brain may always be called an *originatory* process—and since it is fully as original for an ordinary child to display increasing faculties of speech from day to day as it was for the little Mozart to know at the age of three or five that his father and friends were playing their concertos wrong. The originating power resides and has been implanted *within* the brain, and like a blacksmith's hammer, will always be sure to weld out something strong; but, where it works without competent models, as in the case of Bach, and yet leaves whole treasure-houses of wealth for an after world to feed upon; where its results are such that the most gigantic of modern masters look upon them with reverence and awe—then we must exclaim, in contemplating the works of such a mind, "This was, indeed, a kingy genius!" and in the case of Bach the Passion Music forms not one of the smaller jewels in the crown.

(From the *Globe*.

The largest audience of the week was present in Music Hall, last night, to hear the narrative of our Saviour's passion in the words of St. Matthew, and set to the music of the immortal Bach. The result of the performance was, in most respects, very satisfactory. Preceding the Passion music was sung Mendelsohn's "Hear My Prayer," by Miss Wynne and the chorus, by the request of many, and it had the same touching effect as on the afternoon before. The great work of the evening has never been given before, here, in the nearly complete form in which it was heard last night, but at the festival of 1871 the choruses at the end of the first and second parts were sung. It was a labor of love which Robert Franz did in putting an orchestral score to the work, by which it could be rescued from being lost to the world on account of its difficulty [?] And it is no less praiseworthy that the Handel and Haydn has so patiently studied as to give so excellent a presentation of the work as heard last night. Our musically-inclined people need not be told of the character of the work, which is so many-sided; but it is not altogether out of place to allude to the wonderful genius which could construct such a composition of recitatives of the narrative; solos and short reflective choruses on the nature of the sub-

ject treated; chorals with varying harmony, and the great choruses. In the recitatives and to a certain extent in the arias, the great composer apparently allows his thoughts, bewildered at such an amazing sacrifice as Christ's crucifixion, to give direction and character to the music; and the difficulty in the phrasing or the great height at which some of the tenor solos are written, seem to have been suggested by the rise and fall of the soul of the author as he studied how best to portray the subject he had in hand. In the chorals, he has certainly displayed a gift at harmonizing which is as wonderful as it is rare. The recurrence of the same melody set to different harmonies has all the effect of a new choral, while the general character of all of them is such that one could easily imagine their use in a public worship for the people. The airs to which choruses are used in the obligato style are mostly in words which the individual, studying to understand the awful act of the Jews, would naturally give vent, and here the music is fitted, as almost by inspiration, to accomplish its purpose. Of the so-called great choruses, the finest examples are the opening "Come ye Daughters, weep for anguish," and the two before referred to, the "Ye Lightnings, Ye Thunders," and the finale, "Around Thy Tomb here sit we weeping." The last one, representing the lament of the disciples at the tomb of Jesus, ends the work most justly, describing as it does only the scenes which Good Friday commemorates. The "Ye Lightnings," is simply stupendous, and when, after the short and fierce exclamations, the unutterable anguish changes to the fiercest indignation, how terrible the music which gives us the words, "Burst open, O fierce flaming caverns of Hell, then!" Of equal grandeur, and of greater difficulty, is the wail in the introductory chorus, "Come ye Daughters, weep for anguish." In this occurs the soprano rippling which, above the wail of the daughters of Zion and the anxious inquiries of the second chorus, representing the multitude, sings a strong and plaintive melody of its own, "O Lamb of God all blameless. This was, last evening, assigned to a choir of sixty boys from the Rice School, whose voices, sounding from the second balcony, poured a stream of melody heard above all the great chorus. As the choruses excelled all former efforts of the week, the sublimity of the effect was powerful. As in this, so in the other choral parts, the singing was all that could be asked, and made doubly vivid the words of the work. Without extending our notice as much as inclination would dictate, it may be briefly said that the audience appreciated the majesty of the performance and the chorus ending the first part was obliged to be repeated. The difficult solo parts of the work were entrusted to Miss Wynne, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Mr. W. J. Winch, Mr. Whitney and Mr. Rudolphsen. Miss Wynne was faultless in all that she had to sing, and her sympathetic voice was more strongly noticeable than ever. Miss Phillips was in no way pleasing, and in much of her singing showed that she was not thoroughly acquainted with her part; besides that, she was out of tune to an immoderate extent. Mr. Winch did excellently well in a very trying part, and added to his former excellent reputation by careful and artistic renditions. Mr. Whitney generally sang well, being in excellent voice, though in one or two places he was rather uncertain. Mr. Rudolphsen, having less to do, did it well, and sang much better than was anticipated. Of the solos which were the best rendered, may be mentioned the "Never will my heart refuse Thee," by Miss Wynne, and the "From love unbounded," by the same singer, the tenor "I'll watch with my dear Jesu alway," and "O Grief," in both of which Mr. Winch did particularly well, and "Give me back my dearest Master," sung with excellent effect by Mr. Whitney. This has become familiar by an occasional production in concert. "Come blessed Cross," was the one solo in which Mr. Rudolphsen sang his best.

Music Abroad.

COLOGNE. The Bach Association gave a highly interesting concert of sacred music in the large room of the Conservatory, on Good Friday. Dr. Ferdinand Hiller conducted, and Mdlle Clemens, of the Stadttheater, kindly gave her services on the occasion. The programme contained the following pieces: 1. Prelude and Five-Part Fugue, in C sharp minor, Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750). 2. Motet for Double Chorus, Id. 3. Cantata, Alessandro Scarlatti (1649-1725). 4. Portions of the Seventh Suite, G. F. Handel (1685-1759). 5. "Miserere" for

Double Chorus, Allegri (1560-1652). 6. Aria, Marcantonio Cesti (1620-1669). 7. Motet for Double Chorus, Johann Christian Bach (1643-1703). 8. Two Pianoforte Pieces, Friedmann Bach (1710-1784). 9. Choruses and Solos from the Oratorio of *Jephtha*, Carl Ph. Em. Bach (1714-1788). 11. "Improperie," Palestrina (1524-1594). 12. "Stabat Mater," Nanini (1540-1607).

BERLIN.—Sig Verdi's *Aida* has at length been produced at the Operahouse and most favorably received. The scenery and dresses were more than usually magnificent, and the principal artists, the chorus, and orchestra, more than usually zealous and hard-working. Mesdames Mallinger, Brandt, Herren Niemann and Betz, who sustained the principal characters, were repeatedly called on at the fall of the curtain.—In compliance with a very generally expressed wish, there has been a second performance of Kiel's oratorio *Christus*. It went off exceedingly well, and every one concerned appeared more at ease and more confident than at the first performance. Herr Radecke again conducted, while Mad. Joachim and Herr Stockhausen, with a host of lesser vocal luminaries, lent a willing obedience to his baton.

BELFAST CLASSICAL HARMONISTS' SOCIETY.—In connection with the concert of last Friday evening, at which the Classical Harmonists produced, for the first time in Belfast, and in such a satisfactory manner, "*Israel in Egypt*," we may state that in addition to that colossus of choral music, this society has also performed, for the first time in town, the following other works of Handel:—"Messiah," "Judas Maccaebaeus," "Samson," "Joshua," "Israel in Egypt," "Dettingen Te Deum," "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," "Acis and Galatea," and "L'Allegro and Penseroso." They have, in addition, produced "*The Creation*" (Haydn), "Stabat Mater" (Rossini) "Prodigal Son" (Arthur S. Sullivan), "Naomi" (E. T. Chipp), "May Queen" (J. Sterndale Bennett). All of these, with few exceptions, have been repeated by the society, some of them several times. Mendelsohn's great work, "*Elijah*" may also be included in the above list; for although it was given by the Vocal Union, under Dr. Clapp, it was only with organ accompaniment, whereas the Harmonists rendered it in a complete form, with a full orchestra. Mendelsohn's "*Hymn of Praise*" and an immense number of minor compositions have also been given from time to time by the society, which, on Friday evening, brought to such a successful termination its twenty-third season.

Northern Whig, April 29.

BACH continues his triumphant march of conquest. Besides the performances in London the "*St. Matthew Passion*" has been executed this year in Paris, Berlin, Amsterdam, Leipzig, Stuttgart, Cologne, Cassel, Bremen, and Chemnitz. From the chamber of the connoisseur the old classic now issues to claim the admiration of the people.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 30, 1874.

Third Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society.

FOURTH DAY, FRIDAY, MAY 8.

The third of the afternoon Concerts attracted a goodly audience,—not a paying one; and this, unfortunately, must be said of all the afternoon audiences, with the exception of the one occasion on which choral works were given. The programme offered some of the best classical works in sharp contrast with somewhat familiar characteristic strains (see Worcester's Unabridged) by Liszt and Wagner,—the whole agreeably relieved by songs:

Overture. "Coriolanus".....	Beethoven.
Aria. "My Heart ever faithful".....	Bach.
Miss EDITH WINNE.	
Symphony. (B flat major).....	Schumann.
Eine Faust Overture.....	Wagner.
Romanza. "I greet the now." Op. 20, No. 1 (From the German of Rückert).	
Mr. GEORGE L. OSGOOD.	
Adagio. "Prometheus".....	Beethoven.
Welsh Songs. a. "The Missing Boat." b. "A gentle Maid in secret sighed."	
Miss EDITH WINNE.	
Symphonic Poem. "Tasso".....	Liszt.

The *Coriolanus* Overture, and the first Schumann Symphony were admirably played,—the latter for the third time here during the past season; but with such an orchestra of course it sounded even better than before, and it is now pretty commonly accepted as one of the really inspired, consistent, perfect Symphonies. This shows progress; when our Symphony Concerts began nine years ago, Schumann spoke only to the few; now every one of his four Symphonies has become a sure card: it was sure to be, after so many hearings. The Adagio from Beethoven's ballet music, with its singing 'Cello melody, its harp and its flute passages, was as charming as ever, and played to perfection.

Wagner's "Faust" Overture (an early work, we are told, and originally intended for the first movement of a Symphony) comes round upon us like a very heavy nightmare every year or two now for some fifteen years; we should have been rid of the vampyre long ago, but that the galvanic lifting power of the Thomas orchestra finds weighty illustration in it. As a piece of music it is uncouth, extravagant, and with the exception of one or two brief moments, dreary and unlovely. As a conception of Faust, it is coarse and materialistic. The discontent which it expresses seems to be nothing mental, spiritual, suggestive of a deep soul's experience; but rather the result of some internal physical disturbance,—a subject for a good country doctor rather than for a Goethe or a great musician. For the life of us we can discern no Faust in all that rumbling, groaning, heaving, yearning, that chaotic weltering mass of tones; if no more were the matter with said Faust, he surely was not worth the writing of a long poem about, nor of a Symphony either, as Wagner seems to have discovered after getting through with one "fytte" of it. Now to our dull imagination the Overture called up the image, not of Faust (not even "a" Faust), but rather of the monster Polyphemus, with his one eye put out, rolling upon the ground, groaning and gnashing his teeth, and bellowing curses after sly Ulysses and his comrades. Call it "a" or the Polyphemus Overture, and it will take its place fitly in the modern "programme music"; but wherefore "Faust" doth not appear. Surely Wagner can do, has done, better things than that; he is more at home among his mythical *dramatis personae*, his vague, vast Nibelungen shadows. Faust is too human for him.

—Of Liszt's Symphonic Poem "Tasso," one of the most brilliant unsatisfying, tantalizing modern effect works, we have perhaps said enough—some will think too much—on past occasions. Enough, that all that could be done for this, as well as for the Wagner work, was done by so superb an orchestra, Thomas himself conducting. Mr. Zerrahn held the baton during all the rest of the programme.

Bach's gladsome Aria, that rapturous bird song of a heart full of faith, though taken a little too slow, was sung with real feeling and expression by Miss EDITH WYNNE. Her native Welsh songs had the charm of quaint simplicity and freshness, —especially the third one, which she sang for an encore to Mr. Lockwood's harp accompaniment. Schubert's beautiful and serious Romanza: "Sei mir gegrüßt," was well chosen (we had only known it in private before) and so beautifully sung by Mr. Osgood, that he was obliged to repeat it.

The evening brought the great experience of the week,—the first performance in this country of the larger portion—twice as much at least as we were allowed to hear three years ago—of Bach's great *Passion-Music* according to the gospel of St. Matthew. It called out by far the largest audience, until then, of the Festival,—an audience the like of

which, considering both character and numbers, as well as the profound attention paid, has not for many a day been seen in that great Music Hall. A better influence than we had been prepared to hope, had been exerted by that premature public rehearsal of the preceding Sunday evening,—that only full rehearsal with its fatiguing repetitions and so many drawbacks. After all, the impression it produced, even on that occasion, was such as to intensify the general desire to hear so wonderful a work, at once the oldest and the newest of all the musical creations brought out in this Festival. Of the effect of the elaborate, strange music, now vast and overwhelming, now tender, dreamy, mystical and subtle, now full of deep peace, soothing and refreshing, on that audience, we have already endeavored to give some idea by copying largely from the newspaper reports. Their testimony, as well as the deeply interested aspect of the whole audience, of whom not a dozen persons left their seats before they had drunk in the last note of the final chorus,—and the expressions of delight and wonder to be heard on all sides as the crowd poured out, is conclusive as to the decided triumph of the difficult and doubtful undertaking. Of course there were exceptions; there were some who did not get beyond the state of reverent and patient curiosity, of conscientious listening, like a jury on a case which on the whole was but a bore to them; some felt the chorals, were startled by the "Lightning" chorus, but found the solos tedious and untuneful, and to many the solo singing is the part of Hamlet in the play; but the general experience was one of unexpected gratification, of a new sense of beauty and of power in music, and of a serene and holy influence such as perhaps no music had ever exercised upon their souls to quite the same degree before.

And this was the intrinsic potency of Bach's music. The miracle was wrought by its mere presence, in spite of manifold and serious imperfections in the actual performance. This is not the first experience of the kind that we have had in Boston. It was through years and years of crude interpretations, during our days of small things in the way of instrumental means, and not by waiting for a perfect orchestra, that there became rooted in this musical community so deep and true a love for the Fifth Symphony, and for the Seventh, and the "Jupiter," and so on. There is a vital and intrinsic quality in all such works which makes itself deeply, if only dimly, *felt* through even the most crude and sketchy presentations. The great thing is to make a beginning, and then to struggle up to more and more complete and pure expression; but oftentimes it happens that we date back our clearest perception of the real *inspiration* of such a masterwork to just those days of small things in the way of execution. Indeed it seems as if some effort were demanded on the hearer's part to meet the music half-way, as it were, and that he should spell it out for himself though ever so blurred and dim and hieroglyphical a manuscript, in order to get at its meaning; in short that he should gradually construct its essential form and lineaments to his own imagination out of the coarse hints and suggestions of the actual rendering; whereas to the smoothest model rendering one is apt to yield himself in a mood so idle and so passive (just as to all outward luxuries), that the celestial harmonies go in at one ear and out at the other. There are some, we know, who by their own unaided bungling readings at their own poor pianos, or through a friend's indifferent performance, have come to a deeper feeling and perception of the Beethoven Sonatas, than they could have got by hearing them for the first time even in a Rubinstein's performance. The sincere and earnest aspiration on one's own part is worth more than the

most perfect opportunity of hearing. The devout builder, in the act of planning and of growing up to his design, is more to be envied than the possessor of the house all built.

It was well therefore to have made a beginning with the Passion Music; the effort was rewarding, on the part of those who sang and those who listened; in that imperfect undertaking a new love was planted, and it will surely be abiding.

The imperfections to which we have alluded, and in spite of which the Passion Music took at once so strong a hold upon so many hearing it for the first time, were chiefly these:

1. Those due to the want of full rehearsal. As we have said, there had been frequent and careful rehearsals of the chorus by itself; doubtless, too, a good deal of earnest private study upon their unwonted tasks by the several solo singers; there had been at the most one or two rehearsals of the solos with the orchestra; but the bringing together of all the elements of so immense and difficult a work was risked upon a single trial, and that in the presence of a large audience paying for admission,—a nervous and unenviable predicament for the soloists, who either on their own account or that of the orchestra had frequently to be stopped and made to repeat passages or entire Arias. But the defect from this cause was most apparent in the orchestra, that admirable orchestra, which, were it even perfect, could not be at home in music of so unusual a character requiring to be fitted with such nice and delicate discrimination, in all details of rhythm, phrasing, accent, light and shade and color, to the vocal melody,—particularly to the melodic fragments of the accompanied recitative. It must be admitted that much of the exquisitely contrived orchestral work was rather roughly done; many of the continuous figures of the accompaniment, especially for wind instruments, stood out too boldly, overshadowing the voice where all should be as delicate as possible; while through fault of accent, and of phrasing, they sometimes bewildered the singer and betrayed her into mistakes of time and rhythm. Repeated trials, careful and nice adjustments of these two factors would have revealed a beautiful whole in more than one of those arias, in which many, as it was, found wearisome monotony and vagueness.

2. The inadequacy of the solo singers,—not to be wondered at, considering the difficulty and the unwonted character of all the melody. To sing those Arias with ease and true expression, one must be long familiar with the music, filled with its spirit, at home in its peculiar forms and dialect. Naturally enough, even with accomplished artists in the current styles, the first attempts in the Bach style of song and recitative will be somewhat ill at ease and pupil-like. Even Miss WYNNE, with her sweet voice, her exquisite delivery and deep, pure feeling, was not always equal to this music. More than once, in the accompanied recitative, which requires to be given in strict time, she was out of time; but this was partly, as we said before, the fault of the orchestra (in regard to accent, phrasing, overloudness, &c.) But the Aria: "Never will my heart refuse thee" was beautifully sung. And, in the latter part, that divinely lovely Aria: "From love unbounded," with its delicate accompaniment of merely a flute obligato and two clarinets, was given with the truest feeling; it was an entrancing, wholly strange sensation, of the most inward, spiritual beauty; it was in the preceding recitative: "He hath done only good to all," that voice and instruments failed to agree; and yet the singer put a good deal of dramatic fire into it. Miss PHILLIPS was least of all herself in the contralto airs; she evidently approached the task with some misgiving, and though she doubtless quickly felt the beauty, depth and

tenderness of the music, she would not of her own choice have sung it publicly before she could wear its forms as easily as she does those of music she has sung for years. In the great Aria: "O pardon me, my God" (*Erbarme dich*), she was out of tune, and the whole rendering was lifeless; yet the effort was an intelligent and earnest one, and she will no doubt one day sing it with the true power. Mr. LISTEMANN's fine playing of the violin obligato part, however, lent considerable interest to it. In her first Aria: "Grief and pain," Miss Phillips was much more successful. In that Aria we have an instance of Bach's tendency to "picture music," which with many composers is mechanical and false. But here, when the violin staccato figures imitate the dropping of the tears, as in the tearful appoggiaturas in "O pardon me," and in the duet: "Alas! my Jesus now is taken," it is all unconscious on his part, and only shows the vividness of his imagination all alive through his intensity of feeling. The duet before the Thunder and Lightning chorus was touchingly and beautifully rendered.

The largest measure of success among the solos was achieved by Mr. W. J. WINCH, whose task was the most arduous of all, both in the larger share of work which fell to him and its peculiar difficulty. All the tenor recitations, both of the narrative portion (*recitativo secco*) and the accompanied and more melodic, like "O Grief!" (with chorus), called for all the voice (mostly in the higher range) and all the understanding, feeling, carefully studied method, which the most experienced tenor could bring to their interpretation. He had the voice, and he had faithfully learned his part so as to give all at least correctly, oftentimes with much expression and dramatic power. As a vocalist he has evidently studied to some purpose lately. The beautiful, but very trying Aria: "I'll watch with my dear Jesu," where the oboe, exquisitely played by Mr. ELLA, leads off with the melody, and where the soothing and refreshing chorus: "So slumber shall our sins befall" keeps stealing back under continually new forms of polyphonic harmony, made really a deep impression. In the narrative recitative the crisp dry chords were struck by Mr. DRESEL on an upright piano, which was far more reassuring to the singer, than to have them, as in the rehearsal, come in from the distant organ; moreover every such contrast in the character of tone relieves the ear in such a work. More of the Bach spirit, naturally, more of theunction and the consecration of this music, more long settled love of it and identification of the singer's inmost sympathy and soul with it, are yet required for a clear revelation of its full power and beauty. There was dignity and grandeur, as well as good even execution, but too much inert weight in Mr. WHIRNEY's rendering of the Bass Arias: "Gladly will I, all resigning," and that with the violin solo, after Judas has cast down the silver pieces: "Give me back my dearest master." The latter he has made in some degree his own by singing it in concerts. His delivery also of the recitatives, the Master's words, was impressive, and yet needed much of tenderness and delicacy, as in the scene of the Supper. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN gave an intelligent, artistic rendering of the Air: "Come, blessed cross!" in the last part, with the florid violoncello solo, as well as some fragments of the recitative in the part of Judas.

The wonder, on the whole, was that the solos went so well, and that so many strange, long Arias, in a style so remote from all the habits formed by singers of our day,—a style for which even Handel is no preparation,—should after all have interested so many of the audience so deeply as they did. Enough was learned by this experience to show that this is music well worth all the study it may cost, and to warrant the belief that singers will in time grow up into its spirit and learn to move about at home in its charmed element. Devotion, study, time, repeated trial (not on exceptional triennial occasions merely, but every season) are what is needed.

3. The task of selection and abridgement might in some respects have been more judiciously performed. Of course the problem was quite difficult, and the best solution of it was only to be found out by experience. But looking back now, it is clear enough that the long series of solos in the second part would have been much relieved by the inter-

spersing of a few more Chorals (always refreshing), and by some of those stirring and exciting *turbæ*, angry choruses of Jews, which would have enlivened the whole thing. The great figured Choral at the end of the first part, too, was a serious loss, musically, although dramatically the first part ends well with the taking of Jesus and the imprecation of heaven's "lightnings and thunders" by the outraged disciples. The opening Alto Aria with chorus in the second part, too, "Ah! now is my Jesu gone," and "Whither has thy friend departed?" so romantic in its tone, would have supplied another element of fresh variety. Instead of Mr. Whitney's first bass Aria, the last one in the work, preceded by the recitative: "At eventide, cool hour of rest," a great favorite in Germany, would have made more impression; and it was a great pity to lose the first of the Soprano Arias: "Only bleed" and the Alto Air with chorus: "Look where Jesus beck'ning stands."—But some day we shall hear it all, given in two performances, say on the morning and evening of Good Friday, as has been suggested.

The great impression was made by the choruses. Their sublimity and beauty, their great variety, now of dramatic vividness and now of sweetest tenderness and tranquillizing rest, was felt by all. The rendering, even of the most difficult, was indeed a triumph of hard patient study; batting now and then a fault of tempo or of shading, it was about all that could be wished. The great opening chorus: "Come, ye daughters, weep for anguish," was overwhelming, although the movement seemed to us a little too fast; and as the broad rhythm, begun by the double orchestra, streamed on, choir answering choir, and finally the *soprano ripieno* (clearly given out in unison from the upper balcony by about sixty boys from the Rice School) came in with the intermittent lines of the chorus: "O Lamb of God," which seemed to bind the whole vast fabric together, there was a sense of sublimity and awe experienced, such as the audience had hardly dreamed of. Nor can we too fully appreciate the advantage we had in our noble Music Hall for the effective placing and displaying of all these elements over nearly every hall, and surely every church in Europe. The two or three short choruses of disciples, which soon followed, quaint and complex in the interweaving of the parts, but graphic, full of life, were clearly and successfully achieved. Nothing more beautiful, more tenderly impressive, is there in the whole work than the repeated intervention of the chorus in the Tenor solo: "O grief," and the following aria: "I'll watch," &c., though the latter was taken quite too fast; but the voices blended exquisitely, and the consoling, heavenly, ever varied harmony, swelling and dying into *pianissimo*, held every heart entranced. Of course "Ye lightnings, ye thunders" was as startling and stupendous as before, and had to be repeated; unfortunately the effect is weakened without the repetition also of the whole scene, with the preceding Duet and the bursts of chorus: "Leave Him," "bid Him not," &c. Here too the Franz instrumentation, and the great organ played by Mr. LANG, lent new intensity and overwhelming grandeur.

With the exception of the chorals, too few, of which it only need be said that every one of them was pure moment of the most solemn, sweet refreshment, and that the harmony with which Bach has clothed them has in it a certain hallowed, self-renewing charm, of which no other composer, not even Mendelssohn, seems to have fully caught the secret,—the chorus did not have to come in again until they had to sing those wonderful two measures: "Truly this was the Son of God," after that thrilling piece of scenic recitative: "Behold! the veil of the temple was rent," for the grand declamation of which we had nearly forgotten to give Mr. Winch the especial credit which he so signalized, for it is a passage of tremendous difficulty. Then came the tender and unpeakably beautiful responses: "My Jesu, good night" to the alternate sentences of solo by each of the four voices, beginning with the bass: "The Lord has lain him down to rest;" and then the incomparable, the holy final double chorus, the farewell of the disciples at the tomb of Jesus, full of sadness and yet full of deep peace and rest for weary souls. The time was rightly taken slower than in former renderings, but there was still room for improvement in the alternation of moderately loud and soft; to the "Rest thee softly" of the first chorus the second should have answered *pianissimo* with "softly rest."

—Here again we have to pause! We shall get through with it next time.

MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The seventh annual musical exhibition of the High and Grammar Schools of Boston took place in the Mu-ic Hall on Wednesday afternoon, May 20, and was repeated for the parents of the pupils on the following Saturday. Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, general Supervisor of Musical Instruction, conducted the exercise, Mr. SHARLAND presiding at the Organ, and a full orchestra accompanying. The number of singers was increased to about 1400, presenting as usual a most charming spectacle. The orchestra played the War March of the Priests from Mendelssohn's *Athalie* and Mozart's light Overture to the "Marriage of Figaro." The vocal selections were largely the same as last year; the new ones being a Prayer by Francis Boott, beautifully sung by female chorus in tour-part harmony; a chorus by Donizetti: "Rest, weary pilgrim;" and, most difficult of all on account of its very rapid movement, and very bright and lively, a chorus from *Musaniello*, which was sung in perfect tune, with fine precision and effect. The pieces which had been sung before were: a Lutheran Choral: "Praise God, ye people," by Nicolaus Hermann; a solo and chorus from Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion* (the solo by the pupils of the Girl's High, Highland and Dorchester High Schools,—a lovely mass of pure, sweet, fresh soprano voices); solo and chorus from *Athalie*, in the same manner; Mr. Eichberg's "To Thee, O Country," which is so well contrived to bring out all the voices to the best advantage, that it is always popular and was encored (how trumpet-like that mass of boys' voices in the middle tones rang out!); the light and graceful "Chorus of Spinning Maidens," also by Mr. Eichberg, and sung to a charm by the older girls; and the full chorus "Wake, gentle Zephyr," by Rossini, one of the happiest selections for this purpose. "Old Hundred" closed the exercises.

We were struck by the greatly improved average quality of the voices; those sopranos of the High schools, so smooth, pure, sweet, refined in quality, were worth going far to hear; no screaming, nothing harsh, nothing unmusical; could the soprano of our great Oratorio chorus only sound like that! but here of course the voices are wisely kept with in an easy practicable compass. The balance of parts, too, was nearly perfect; and the even, full delivery of tone, the precision of attack, indeed the singing altogether was the best which our excellent system of musical instruction in the schools has yet produced.

Mme. CAMILLA URSO, having recovered slowly from the serious injury to her hand, gave the last of her four Concerts Classiques at Horticultural Hall last Monday evening. It was one of the finest of the series, and an occasion of rare interest. We shall speak of it hereafter.

Home for Female Students of Music at Milan.

At the request of one of the lady managers and patrons, we cheerfully give place to the following Circular. We think it on the whole a thing to be regretted that so many young American men and women flock to Europe for a musical education only to find out in the end that they have really no gift or calling for it. Perhaps this is true of half those who go. But anyhow they do go, and many of them have talent; and by this statement the case is very clear that many of the young women who resort to Milan actually need some such provision and kind guardianship as these good ladies here suggest. We cannot doubt the plan will find sympathy, and, we trust, active aid here in America.

For some years past the City of Milan has been the resort of numerous young Female Students, both English and American, desirous of obtaining the advantages of Italian instruction in the Science of Vocal Music. These Students, most of them friendless and alone, have hitherto been unprovided with the help and protection needful in such a position.

It is now proposed to establish a Home in Milan, expressly for their reception, which shall combine the com-

fort and propriety of a private residence, with the direction and supervision of their studies. The best Masters will be engaged to attend the Home, and admission to the Conservatoire will be obtained for all eligible pupils. Lessons in Italian and French—both indispensable in the profession of Vocal Music—will also form part of the instruction. The Musical department will be under the guidance of a resident Italian lady of great professional experience, and of the highest character. The house-keeping and entire conduct of the Domestic Department will be carried on by a resident English lady. The services of both these ladies are already secured.

The Home will be under the inspection and direction of two Committees—one in Milan, the other in London. The Milan Committee will consist of the resident British Chaplain, and British and American Vice-Consuls. The London Committee will include names of the highest distinction and character.

The terms to Students will be regulated with the utmost moderation; at the same time the House will be strictly self-supporting. Meanwhile funds are required for the purchase of furniture, and for the general expenses of the first start; including the rent of the first year, which must be paid in advance.

It is hoped that those interested in Music, and in the welfare of the female Candidates for the profession, will generously contribute to the sum needed, which, it is believed, will not exceed £2000. Donations for the purpose will be received by the London and Westminster Bank, 1 St. James' Square, and by the Chaplain and resident Vice-Consuls, as above-mentioned, at Milan.

Meanwhile such students as are desirous of entering the Home, may apply personally or by letter, to Messrs. Cramer, 201 Regent Street, London, where they will receive particulars as to terms and regulations.

PATRONS OF THE HOME.

(To whom other names of distinction will be added).
The R. Rev. Bishop Nixon, Vignola, Stresa, Lago Maggiore. Sir Augustus Page, British Legation, Rome. [glorie.] Hon. Mr. Marsh, American Legation, Rome.
Clas. Henfrey, Esq., Baveno, Lago Maggiore.
Lady Page, The Hon. Mrs. Marsh,
The Duchess of S. Teodoro, The Countess of Morlon,
Louisa, Lady of Ashburton, The Bishop of Gibraltar.
The Archbishop of Dublin, Lady Gough,
Louisa, Countess of Stanford, Lady Brougham and
Vaughn, Mrs. Irish Hay, Lady Turing, The Hon.
Mrs. Hay Drummond, The Hon. Mrs. Larned, Chicago.
The Hon. Mrs. Bertie, Lady M. Hapen, The Hon.
Mrs. Arbuthnot, Lady Esmond, Lord Jacqueline Percy,
Lady Abercromby, The Hon. W. Ashley.

Musical Correspondence.

The opening of the Central Park Garden.

NEW YORK, MAY 25. A low standard of musical art, in a cosmopolitan city, like ours, in which a large portion of the population is German, cannot long continue, provided there exist the means, accessible to all classes, of hearing frequently orchestral compositions of a higher order adequately performed. A few years ago such opportunities did not exist here.—We had but one orchestra, that of the Philharmonic Society, and their concerts, given to the favored few, were, for a long time, without any appreciable effect in raising the general standard of musical taste. The orchestra played year after year, to the same audience; undoubtedly it accomplished much good, but the doors of the Academy must of necessity be closed to many, and work was needed outside of the small circle within which the influence of the Philharmonic Society was confined. Theodore Thomas, in his Symphony Concerts, worked in a larger sphere, and, as the public became somewhat familiar with the new world of orchestra composition which he opened to them, it soon became evident that there was room enough and work enough in New York for two full orchestras. Indeed, I believe I am justified in stating that the financial success of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society of late has been, in part, due to the stimulus given to public taste by its young rival. But something besides all this was needed and Mr. Thomas took the first great step towards the popularization of art in originating the garden-concerts. Such an enterprise, not to be quixotic, must be self-supporting and great discretion has been exercised in arranging, for each evening, a programme which, while it interests the connoisseur in music, will, at the same time, prove attractive to those whose taste is entirely, or in a manner, uncultivated. To relieve that which some persons would call the tediousness of a classical programme, the Strauss waltzes are freely used and these, if trivial, are at least perfect in their way.

Wednesday evening, May 13, was the opening night of the Garden Concerts, of which the present is the seventh season. The night was pleasant and the vast concert-hall was well filled.

The following finely contrasted bill was presented:

Overture, "Juliette".	Weber
Waltz, "Publicisten".	Strauss
Finale, "Prometheus".	Beethoven
Introduction, Chorus: March from III Act,	
"Lohengrin".	Wagner
Overture, "Fier-a-Bras".	Schubert
Meditation, Solo, Violin and Orchestra. [new]	Gounod
Allegretto, Symphony, E Flat	Mozart
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2	Liszt
Selections "Huguenots".	Meyerbeer
Waltz, "Carnivalbilder". [new].	Strauss
Nocturne, "Midsummer Nights' Dream".	Gounod
Overture, "Masaniello".	Auber

In part first of the programme, we find an old favorite in the exquisite ballet music to "Prometheus" and we hardly know which to praise most, the music itself, so graceful and soul-satisfying, or the wonderful perfection with which it was played. The selections from *Lohengrin* were splendidly given, and the opportunities which the Thomas Orchestra has afforded us all, of becoming familiar with some parts of this great work, have done much towards creating that enthusiasm which greeted the appearance of the opera when Mr. Strakosch brought it out here last winter.

Part second contains two novelties, (for New York): Schubert's overture—"Fier-a-Bras", and the "Meditation" by Gounod. The first, like all of Schubert's orchestral music, will repay careful and reverent study. The second is a highly-colored work, of the rich, sensuous style in which Gounod excels: it will probably be a popular favorite this summer.

The season opens brightly for Mr. Thomas, who has accomplished all that he undertook; brightly for the manager, who looks forward to a brilliant and successful year; brightly for the public who may enjoy a long succession of summer evenings, passed in delicious coolness, filled with delightful music to which the senses are predisposed by draughts of the invigorating lager, and whiffs of the tranquillizing Havana. Surely a Sybarite might sigh for this. The Garden is open every night. Go there!

A. A. C.

CHICAGO, MAY 19. A providential dispensation for good has overtaken our city in the shape of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn's recitals of Beethoven Sonatas for Pianoforte, which are now about half done. They are given in Standard Hall, a convenient place, Saturday afternoons to an audience of two hundred or so, largely ladies—and a better behaved audience one would go far to find.

It is not necessary for me to go into a discussion of these recitals, as it is well known that Mr. Wolfsohn is an enthusiast on the subject and has devoted many years to a study of the works. His readings are very admirable for the most part. Were I to criticize his playing it would be to lament the undesirable hardness of tone he obtains from the piano in *sforzandos*. This is perhaps the worst feature of his playing, and seems to me to arise from the want of elasticity in the muscles at the moment when the keys are struck. On the whole these recitals are a very important advantage to the city, as they give a greater impulse to the study of classic music than anything that has happened here during the last eight years.

As to other musical advantages we jog along in much the same way as formerly. The Richings "old folks" were here, but I was unable to attend. The Mr. Eddy I spoke of as a new organist, is making friends, and by his quiet way and apparent knowledge of his art leads us to hope for great satisfaction from his residence in our city.

DER FREYSCHUTZ.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Under the Sod and the Dew. 3. Eb to e. Hutchinson, 35
"Under the Roses the Blue,
Under the Lilies the Gray."

A poem of most beautiful sentiment. Music is sweet, and is pretty much all chorus, with a passage imitating a bugle, (in 6th and 7th verse.) Those who can't imitate, can perhaps play the horn here, or else leave out the passage.

O sing that Song again. (Blumenbrief.)

3. Bb to e. Schubert, 35

"Like the wild wind, when singing low
Over a twilight sea."

Has English and German text, both good, but with different subjects. Music is by Schubert, and is, of course, first-class.

The Health of her I love. 2. G to e. Baker, 30

"I'll drink her health, but not in wine."

A simple and neat temperance song.

The Hand that rocks the World. 3. C to e. Thomas, 40

"Blessings on the hand of woman,
Angels guard its strength and grace."

A beautiful, gay delightful tribute to the soft hands that are chief agents in soothing the sorrows of this life.

Deandy Belle. Song and Dance. 2. Bb to f. Pratt, 30

Merry comic song.

Tis not the Tear of Grief. 4. Eb to e. Reichardt, 30

"Sweet thoughts that slumbered start to life."

One of those perfectly constructed lays that one can find no fault with and sound well with almost any voice.

I think I hear my Mother call. Song and Cho. 3. G to d. Webster, 30

"She dwells alone with the God of Love,
A pure and saintly guest."

Two-thirds of it is chorus, and very smooth, flowing, and musical.

Instrumental.

First Love Schottische. 3. F. Weingarten, 30
Very graceful.

Storm Step. (Sturmschritt.) Galop. 3. Bb. Strauss, 35

Strauss-like, but not like any other Strauss Galop.

May Queen Waltz. 3. C. Guiou, 30

Has a neat melody, alternating with agreeable runs and arpeggios, and is just right for the lasses to trip to in May or June.

March of the Men of Harlech. 4 Hands. 3. G. Richards, 40

Excellent arrangement. Capital piece for learners!

Home, Sweet Home. Fantaisie. 4. Eb Lange, 60
In excellent taste throughout, and, as will be seen, not especially difficult.

Trois Sonates Aimables. 4 hands. Book 3. Diabelli, 90

This "amiable" composer succeeds in infusing grace and interest into a kind of study practice, which would otherwise be dry.

Wald (Forest) Polka. 3. A. Guiou, 30

As might be expected, the Polka is full of little twitterings and little birds' songs. Very taking.

Conspirator's Chorus from "Madame Angot." Transcription. 4. C. Richards, 50

Richards handles the neat, natty French tune very daintily, and produces a very pretty piece.

Fanfare des Dragons. Esquisse Militaire. 4. 2 hands, \$0.50. 4 hands, \$1.00. Boscowitz.

"Dragons" in French, means "Dragoons," and must not be mistaken for the name of the animals so abundant in China, (in pictures). The piece is brilliant military music throughout, and the "dragons" who hear it will trot along right merrily to the inspiring sounds.

Orchestral Waltz. 3. A. Dana, 30
Original, wide-awake movement.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof about one cent for an ordinary piece of music. Persons, at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

